

# Good Morning 388

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards

### Pays a call to the home of Lt.-Cdr. M. G. R. Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C.

I GOT off the train at Lip-hook, Hampshire, and walked slightly uphill through the station yard. I was the only moving thing in sight—the sun was warm and the two porters sitting with brown cigarettes in their mouths, were relaxed and didn't move a muscle—it must have been siesta hour.

Round the corner a police constable told me that Headley-road was half a mile straight on—past the Royal Anchor Hotel.

The road was a long, winding lane—when I had walked a mile I went into the butchery—the straw-hatted shopkeeper told me that "Farthings" was 500 yards further on, on the other side of the road.

The gate was open and I was met by a brother and sister—the girl was three and a half, but her brother hadn't yet celebrated his second birthday.

They were happy kiddies, in their place in the sun—they had toys and books and a nanny, who humoured them when they fell or got scratched by Sherry, the cat. Richard wore a panama, but Cicely had a mass of golden curls that protected her head from the sun.

The boy had seen his father only once before—and he hardly remembered him because he was just a few weeks old. The girl remembered Daddy—she always points to his photograph when visitors come.

When I went in the gate the kiddies ran into the house for their mother. Mrs. Wingfield thought I was a Hoover salesman, but she was kind. I told her the Editor had recently had a letter from her husband, Lt.-Commander M. G. R. Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C., and that we would like to photograph the kiddies and publish the family picture in the paper.

"Certainly," Mrs. Wingfield said, and she produced a tin of toffees and some kiddies' books to put the children in the mood for the photoplay.

They moved at the critical moment and they frowned when we wanted them to smile—but eventually, when they saw we had plenty of time they decided to co-operate.

They are lovely kiddies—Mrs. Wingfield says Richard is going to be an Admiral; Cicely will probably marry a man of the sea.

Everything is shipshape at home, Sir—the lawn needs your attention and the borders are just a trifle ragged, but the family is happy and well. The garage, of course, needs a little tidying—Cicely's tricycle and Richard's toys are draped round the walls, and the pram just inside the door is hard against your bicycle, which, by the way, has two soft tyres.

But apart from that, and your absence, everything at "Farthings" is as it was—and everyone is happy as ever at the Hampshire retreat.

We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man, with all his noble qualities... still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

Charles Darwin, "Descent of Man."

A few honest men are better than numbers.  
Cromwell.



# SILVER CHAIN THAT HANGED MURDERER

Stuart Martin tells "What Crook Forgot"

IT was a small, not very expensive, old-fashioned silver chain, such as was worn by women in grandmother's day, that was the undoing of Herbert John Bennett, who strangled his wife on Yarmouth sands one summer night in 1900.

I think this story is best told by relating the story of Bennett, one of the most conceited men who ever stepped on a scaffold. You find the same perverted vanity in many criminals, in murderers especially. I know of only a few cases where this distorted ego does not show uppermost in the culprit's psychology.

You will find, too, that the meaner the criminal, the meaner is the murder. Bennett was a first-class example.

LET us have a look at him.

Heavy-moustached, almost a cadaverous face, in his dress he tried to ape higher than his social position warranted. He groped towards gentility all his life. He wanted to appear as one with Ideas. But it was all talk.

He married a girl who tried to teach him how to play the piano. They were both quite young, and she thought he was in a better position than he was. As a matter of fact, he ran through one job after another—shop assistant, grocer, canvasser, selling sewing machines, and so on. There was a suspicion that not all the orders were genuine.

Mrs. Bennett had an aged grandmother, with whom the couple lived, and among her possessions (which were few) was a long silver chain. There was also a very old watch. Both these were to belong to Mrs. Bennett ultimately, and they came into her possession when the grandmother died.

Bennett moved from job to job. He was no longer the

passionate lover. He became a bully. It was believed that some of the references he passed to employers were forged. But he made some money (or got it somehow), and changed his name to Hood. In that name he and his wife and baby took a trip to South Africa. After a short stay at Capetown they returned.

But that trip to the Cape—he was there only a matter of days—gave him the opportunity to talk about his travels. The relations between him and his wife were now very strained; he kept bullying her, and soon after they came back to England they separated.

They had taken lodgings at Bexley Heath. He got a job at Woolwich and went to live there, posing as a single man, and doling out to Mrs. Bennett just enough to keep her. He was now Mr. Hood, of Woolwich.

He could talk "learnedly" about South Africa, and, as the Boer War was then on, he talked. He got acquainted with a girl, Alice Meadows, was introduced to her family, and became engaged to her.

He even took the girl to Yarmouth for a holiday, travelling first class there, and staying at a small hotel. It was quite an innocent holiday, and Alice Meadows was dazzled by his magnificent lies. He told her how well he was "connected" and how he expected to inherit property.

Alice started to collect goods for her wedding. She left the place where she was a domestic servant, and her family helped her to prepare for the coming event. She had her engagement ring.

Now, this very summer (1900) Mrs. Bennett wrote to her husband asking for a holiday. The two met very seldom, and it seemed that her suggestion coincided with a plan he had formed to get rid of her. He agreed to her going to Yarmouth, but told her to go as Mrs. Hood.

She went, took a room there, and with her child lived very quietly. She was a reserved woman. Her landlady said later that about the only jewellery she wore was a silver chain around her neck and an old-fashioned watch.

One day (it was in September) when she was on the beach she had the photograph of herself and child taken by a beach photographer, and this she set up on her mantelpiece.

Her landlady did notice, however, that one day there had arrived for her, postmarked from Woolwich, a bluish-grey envelope. What that letter contained nobody ever knew, but that evening "Mrs. Hood," having put her child to bed, dressed herself with care, put on her silver chain and watch, and went out.

She was seen later walking to and fro in front of the town hall, and later went to a pub with a man for a drink; and then the two disappeared in the direction of the South

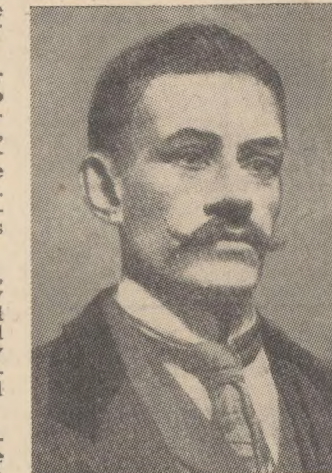
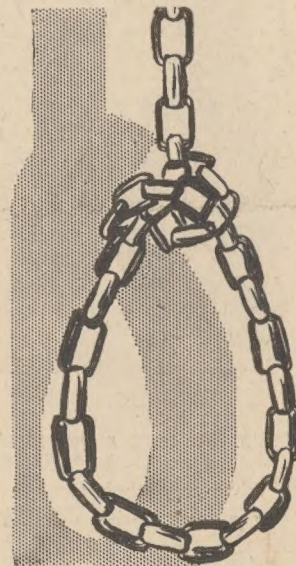
Beach. Bennett was the man who was with her.

At that time South Beach was a wild, untended stretch of sand and coarse grass, with many hollows. A couple of lovers in one of these hollows saw, in the gloom, two figures move past them. Some time later the couple heard a woman's voice apparently pleading for mercy, but they took no notice, thinking somebody was skylarking.

Mrs. Bennett's body was found the next day. She had been strangled by a bootlace.

It was a difficult case for the police. At first it was thought she was just a girl who had been molested by a chance acquaintance. There was nothing to reveal who she was, and the body was taken to the local mortuary. Even after the inquest this was the idea that many held.

But Mrs. Bennett's landlady (Mrs. Rudrum) went to the police and reported that her lodger had not returned from that walk. She was shown the body. She identified it as Mrs. Hood. The rings were still on the dead woman's fingers, but



the silver chain and watch were missing.

When Mrs. Rudrum mentioned these articles the detectives went up to the room occupied by Mrs. Bennett (otherwise Mrs. Hood), searched it, found the photograph taken by the beach photographer, looked for the bluish-grey envelope (which the landlady had mentioned), and it was not in the apartment. But they got a laundry mark on a piece of clothing—No. 599.

The laundry mark did not help much, but the Woolwich postmark helped, but not much either. The inquest was ad-

journed at Yarmouth, and six weeks were spent by the police trying to find a clue; then the inquest was resumed, and a verdict of "Murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned.

It was a difficult time for the police. The laundry mark took them ultimately to Bexley Heath. Mrs. Bennett was the name, said the laundry. But at Bexley Heath Mrs. Bennett was known as a married woman, living apart from her husband, and at Yarmouth she had told Mrs. Rudrum she was a widow.

The police had to walk warily. Even if they found that Bennett had written the address on the bluish-grey envelope, that did not prove that he had anything to do with the crime. But the police watched.

Bennett, however, was still keeping company with Alice Meadows. He even discussed the murder with her people, and advanced theories as to how the murderer had escaped!

But at last, after having watched him, and when the sensation of the crime had blown over, the police asked him to go to the police station. They asked if he had ever been to Yarmouth. "I have never been there in my life!" he declared indignantly.

And the police knew this to be a lie. They had a description of him having engaged a room at midnight on the night of the murder in a Yarmouth hotel, saying he had come from London by the last train and he must leave by the first out next morning.

They knew, too, of his courting of Alice Meadows when he was a married man. They had questioned his friends, too, and the Meadows. Yet Bennett never knew that he was under suspicion. He did not know that the police knew he had been to Yarmouth with Alice Meadows.

But the police wanted proof of the murder. They searched him, they searched his room. They found the long silver chain. They charged him with the murder.

They had him tried, not at Norwich, because of local feeling, but at the Old Bailey. There were thirty witnesses against him, including people who had seen him in the bar with his wife that night at Yarmouth, the porter and manager of the hotel where he stayed with Alice Meadows, and Alice Meadows herself.

The trial lasted six days, before Lord Alverston. The only time I saw Bennett flinch was when Alice Meadows stepped into the box. She had a sorry story of lies and deceit to tell.

But the silver chain hanged him. Why he kept it no one can ever know. If he had dropped it somewhere the killer would probably never have been discovered. Even had it been found elsewhere, said a great criminal lawyer to me at the time, it would have been in his favour. An unknown might have killed Mrs. Bennett for the jewellery.

But that chain hanged him. He protested his innocence, of course, but he was taken from the court, and, under a strong guard, conveyed along the same route as he had travelled to Yarmouth with Alice Meadows and again to kill his wife; and there, at Norwich, on a cold March morning, he met the hangman.

He swung at the end of the rope within a few miles of the cemetery where his wife lay buried.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE MISSING PAPERS MYSTERY

## PART 4

MY uncle was buried early the next afternoon. I had to arrange the funeral.

Four of us walked behind his coffin through a churchyard crammed with ghoulish sight-seers, for the papers had made a first-class sensation out of the inquest. They were Mrs. Long, Doctor Corby, Arnold Jervis and myself. Jervis was a local solicitor, who, Mace told me after the inquest, had done a few odd jobs for my uncle, and I thought, since I must have someone to help me clear up my uncle's affairs I might as well go to him.

The whole funeral ceremony was a nightmare with its morbid crowd trampling over graves, staring at me, their chatter not even checked by the solemn words of the Committal Service.

Then I went off with Jervis to his office. He was a strange fellow, with a brusque, apparently inconsequent manner. A tall thin-faced man in the middle thirties, well dressed in a country way, he was fonder, I soon learned, of sport than of running the Oldford office of his family firm, Snell, Jervis and Jervis, which had been established in Kenmarket for over a hundred years.

When I had gone to him on the previous afternoon he had given me at first the impression of being politely bored. All he had ever done for my uncle, he said, had been to act for him when he bought Eastwinds and do one or two notarial transactions connected with business matters in America. But he grew more interested as I told him my story, how I had only just returned to England and had no one to advise me.

## QUIZ for today

1. A panton is a fruit, dance, lazy man, clown, ploughshare, Swiss village?
2. Who wrote (a) The Revolt of the Angels, (b) Revolt in the Desert?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Grumpy, Dopey, Popeye, Donald Duck, Pluto, Mickey Mouse.
4. Does a snake lay eggs?
5. In what sport is a tree trunk used?
6. What is the time at 85 minutes past one?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Liquify, Labyrinth, Lobelia, Lachrymose, Liason, Lyre, Logarithm.
8. How many 2½d. stamps can you buy for 3s. 4d.?
9. What was Buffalo Bill's real name?
10. Who was the famous boy V.C. of the last war?
11. What was the first creature to leave the Ark?
12. Name five English words of more than two letters ending in O.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 387

1. African fox.
2. (a) Somerset Maugham, (b) Noel Coward.
3. "Rubber" does not spell the same both ways; others do.
4. St. Louis, Missouri, 1911, where Captain Albert Berry dropped from 1,200 feet.
5. A prospector in the gold rush to California in 1849.
6. Fishing.
7. Supercede, Soliloquy.
8. 1868.
9. Folio.
10. A bead coinage made from shells by Red Indians.
11. The police force was instituted by Sir Robert Peel.
12. Defend, Suspend, Recommend, Append, Prebend, etc.

Naturally I said nothing of my horrible fear, but I did tell how Mace had brought the news to me in town and told me of my uncle's will. That brought the first of Arnold Jervis' characteristic, seemingly irrelevant interjections.

"So that's what the old trout was after," he said.

"Who?" I demanded.

"That old fool Armitage. Damned disgrace; he never ought to be allowed to sit. He isn't often, thank God. Wish I'd been representing you at the inquest, I'd have twisted the old trout's tail. Never heard such a travesty in my life. Letting witnesses dither on with things that don't matter. That woman Long—poisonous bit of work. And Beth Lockwood's yarn sounded fishy to me; didn't it to you?"

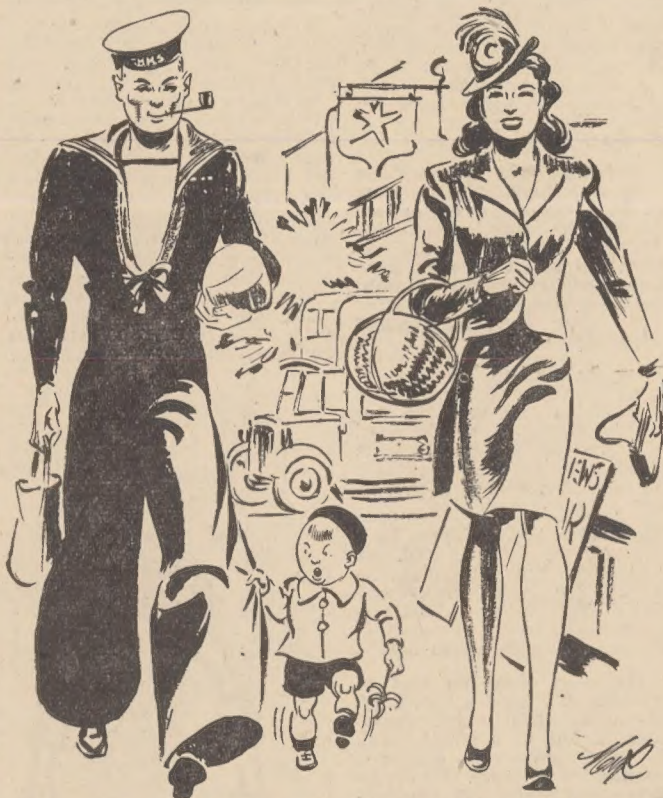
## Open Verdict By Richard Keverne

I started, cold with apprehension again.

"Why do you say that?" I asked harshly.

Jervis flicked the ash from his cigarette and looked at me searchingly through cold blue eyes for some seconds. I returned his stare defiantly.

"It's sticking out a mile," he said at length. "If it hasn't occurred to you, do you want me to tell you?"



"That's the snag about these pin-up girls, brother—there's nothing to hang on to!"

"She seemed quite definite," I said.

"A damned sight too definite. I wonder what she is up to?" He pulled a thin gold cigarette case from his hip pocket, offered it to me, then took a fat Egyptian cigarette himself, lit it and gazed into its smoke. "Wouldn't put it above her to have brought in her evidence at the last moment like that, just to annoy old Armitage. She loathes the old fool. He did a bit of sharp practice on her over some County Court case a year or so ago. Still, a dangerous thing to do, but lucky for you."

The strain broke then. Somehow I felt I must trust this man: that I had to have someone to confide in.

"My God! Has it not occurred to me?" I said. And then I told him everything.

It was an hour later when I left. His office floor was strewn with cigarette ash, its fireplace with burnt-out ends.

"Don't lose your head, and don't talk," he said as I went. "I'll see you through. This business interests me."

ARNOLD Jervis said little as we drove away from the churchyard in his car.

I made some bitter comment on the crowd and he nodded, saying

cynically: "It would have been twice as bad to-morrow. You would have had charabancs from London." But when we reached his office he came at once to business.

"Where were you this day fortnight?" he asked, putting a shovelful of coal on the fire, and poking it to a welcome blaze, for it was a bitterly cold afternoon.

"A fortnight ago you mean? Why—in the Mediterranean about—"

"That's another bit of luck for you," he broke in. "That's the date of your mysterious uncle's will. Here it is." He crossed to his table and handed me the document. "The other bit of luck is that Mace has dropped enquiries for the moment. That comic verdict has rather flabbergasted the county police, I hear. They're having a conference about it. Of course they'll start again soon: they'll have to or the Chief Constable ought to be sacked. But any delay's to the good."

"Is it?" I said vaguely. Jervis' inconsequent method of conversation still rather confused me.

He didn't trouble to explain further but went on to talk of the will. It was made on a printed form such as one buys at a stationer's, dated as I read, exactly a fortnight before and witnessed by Emily Long and William Warne the police constable.

"I've had a word with him," Jervis explained. "He said he was passing the bungalow one morning and your uncle called him in and asked him to witness the will. That's what put Mace on to it so quickly, I expect. It's a perfectly sound will. You inherit everything and you're the executor. But what there is to it, I can't say because someone seems to have stolen most of your uncle's papers."

"What?" I exclaimed.

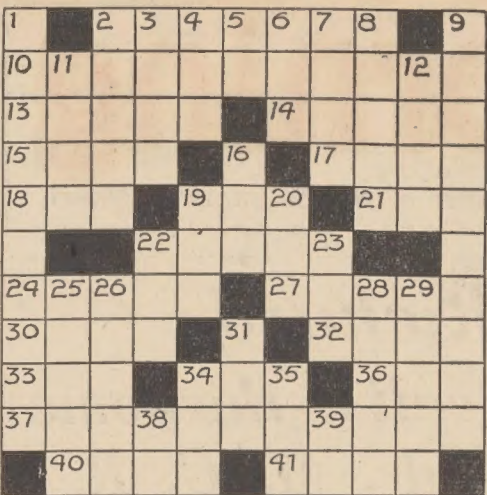
"Or he destroyed them. But as I see it a man doesn't destroy his private papers before he goes out and gets knocked on the head. I've searched the whole damned bungalow and I can't find them. Of course they may turn up somewhere, but I doubt it. Someone's taken them."

"Have you told the police?" I asked.

"And have them say you took them? Not likely." He smiled in a curious way, as though he were enjoying a private joke. "We're telling Mr. Mace nothing, Harborough, until he begins to ask tiresome questions. Then I hope we'll be able to tell him lots of things he doesn't know. I've got enough to go on with at the moment and there's no hurry about probate."

I suppose a normal man would not have been content with this vague reply, but I wasn't normal at that time. The reaction to nearly forty-eight hours of intense strain had left me mentally exhausted and only too glad to have someone to think for me, make decisions, devise plans. I was content to leave everything to Arnold Jervis. He gave me a

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Ennui.
- 10 Superior.
- 13 Robust.
- 14 Chrysalises.
- 15 Lengthens.
- 17 Slide.
- 18 Paid up.
- 19 Rank.
- 21 Tree.
- 22 Boring tool.
- 24 Pine exudation.
- 27 Turf.
- 30 Elliptical.
- 32 Out.
- 33 Writing point.
- 34 Murmur.
- 36 Recline.
- 37 Tool.
- 40 Actual wording.
- 41 Drink.

LOAD ELECTS  
ABRIDGE REV  
SLUG GARAGE  
TIMID VAT L  
Q TENEMENT  
LUG CON ROE  
YELLOWED M  
R OAR DAVID  
INS PAN MANE  
COS TOPPLES  
STYLED SEEK

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Short-lived insects.
- 2 Flat cap.
- 3 Chances.
- 4 Boy's name.
- 5 Printer's measure.
- 6 Immerse.
- 7 Burden.
- 8 Tree.
- 9 Married woman.
- 11 Collect.
- 12 Fix tight.
- 16 Nudge.
- 19 Double.
- 20 Unite.
- 22 Trouble.
- 23 Equip.
- 25 Expel.
- 26 Sword.
- 28 Oyster shell.
- 29 Tree.
- 31 Pole.
- 34 Short weight.
- 35 Sphere.
- 38 Former.
- 39 That is.

much needed sense of confidence. He wasn't afraid of Mace as I was. He seemed quite sure that he could outwit him.

Jervis went on talking, wandering restlessly about his big white-panelled room, sometimes standing by one of the deep-seated windows staring down at Oldford's main street below, sometimes dropping for a moment or so into a chair by the fire, always smoking his fat cigarettes. But though he seemed to be talking at random, I was beginning to get the hang of his mind. He was really thinking aloud for my benefit. He would throw quick questions at me and as often as not ignore my answers and start a new subject. That was his method of working out a problem.

I found myself studying the man with growing interest. He had an odd way of clasping both hands behind his head when he was thinking. He stood like that for a full minute ruffling his fair hair apparently staring at a Pollard coaching print that hung over the fireplace before for the first time he mentioned Beth Lockwood. Then he jerked out:

"I've a notion she knows something." I had ceased to ask "Who?" when he made these irrelevant remarks. It was better to let him go on and pick up his meaning. "But it will take more than Mace to break down her yarn. It seems true as far as it goes. I had a chat with Evans the coast-guard. He says she has been walking the Beach Path at all hours lately and he saw her early on Wednesday morning. But he didn't see your uncle. Not that that proves anything. I've had a chat with her too, and got damned little change out of it. You saw her at Kenmarket all right. She'd driven over to post some late letters: people often do from here: you can post up till eleven there."

"You told her I'd recognised her?" I put in.

"No. She told me she'd recognised you. I told her Mace would be after her soon: last person to see the deceased is always first suspect. She thanked me for the tip and said she'd give Mace a run for his money. Damned clever woman. And her father hadn't got a brain in his head. Retired Indian colonel: full of health fads. Beth had sense enough to run away from home. On the stage for a bit, then when the old man died she came back and started her hat shop. Everybody likes her. You will. I used to be damned fond of her at one time, but she didn't quite see it. Perhaps she was right. Now Mathew Sibton..."

I wrenched my mind from Beth Lockwood to Mathew Sibton, my father's old solicitor, murmuring weakly: "Oh, yes."

"Go and see him. He may know something of your uncle. Even bad eggs keep in touch with family lawyers. I know. Your uncle wasn't murdered for fun. There was a reason. If we can get at that reason we're getting nearer to finding out who killed him. Yours is the only motive up to date—damned poor but good enough for the police. I want a better one. Now you tackle Sibton this way."

Jervis could be definite enough when he wished to be.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—331

1. Put a girl in ELTOR and give her a lift.

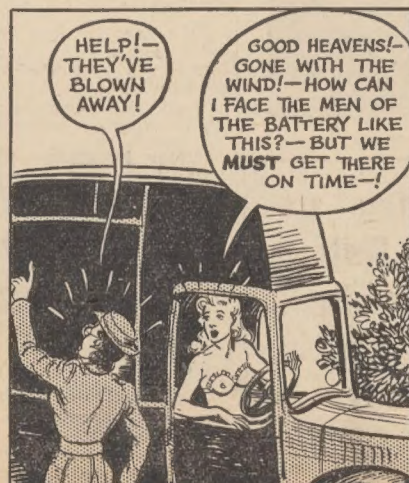
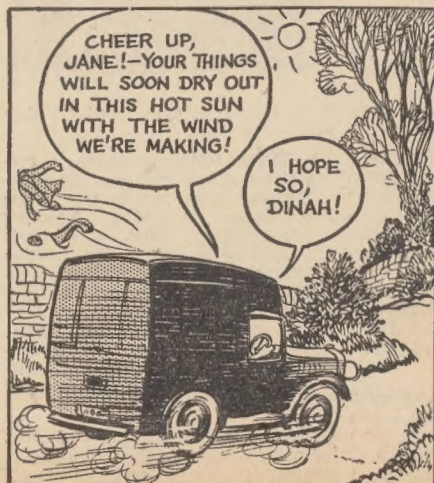
2. In the following title of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ghilt het hegar fo diagreb ent.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change HAVE into HOLD and then back again into HAVE, without using the same word twice.

4. Find three meat dishes hidden in: At St. John's Church, Ickenham, we saw a cab, a conveyance not often used nowadays.

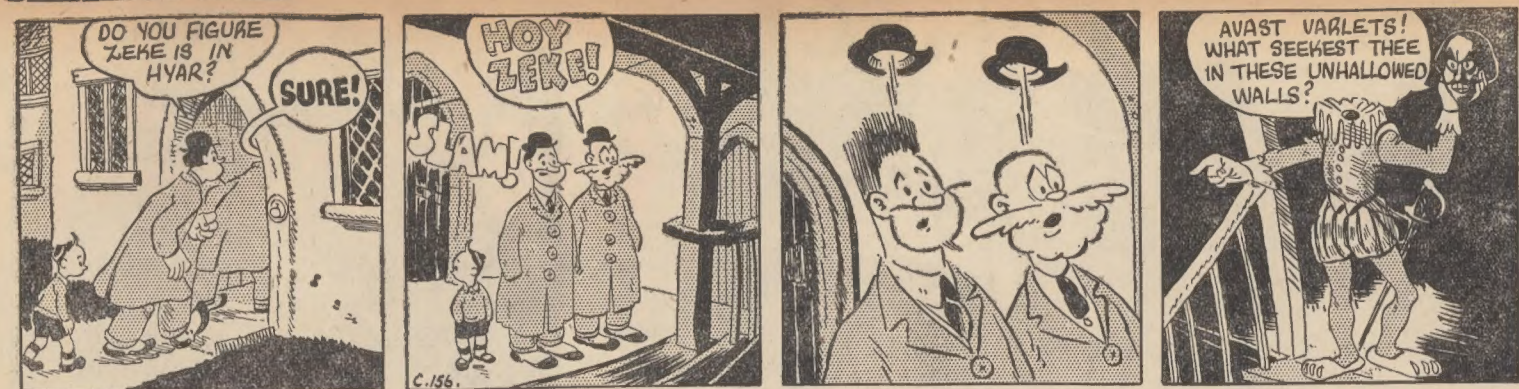
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 330

1. DETENTION.
2. Let's all sing like the birdies sing.
3. HEM, hew, SEW, dew, daw, dam, ham, HEM.
4. S-and-ring-Ham.





BEELZEBUB JONES



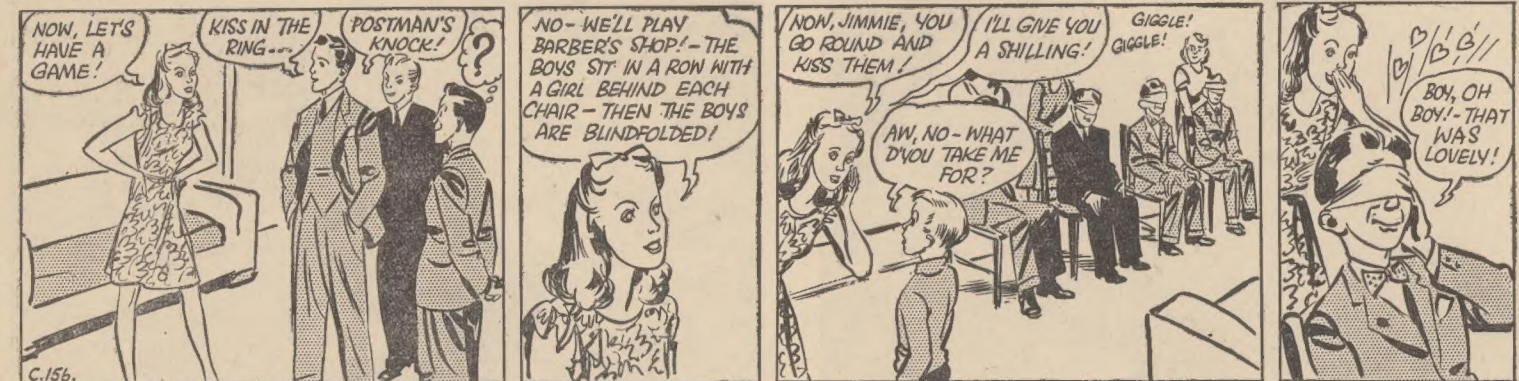
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Part-Time Glamour Girl

By Dick Gordon

WHEN lovely Hedy Lamarr was hardly out of school she was known throughout Vienna as "the lovely Hedy." But the one thing that really annoys the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star is to be given the title of "Glamour Girl."

Hedy, strictly speaking, is a Part-Time Glamour Girl, although she is a full-time beauty. Off-screen she makes no effort towards glamour, except for an occasional premiere or party.

Her favourite clothes around the house are slack suits. She likes dresses inspired by peasant designs, and her favourites are dirndls, with wide skirts and embroidered blouses.

Off-screen she wears no make-up but lipstick. Her one concession to the popular idea of what the well-dressed Glamour Girl wears is nail polish in bright red shades.

Hedy is far from athletic, but enjoys long walks, which she frequently takes with husband John Loder in the hills around their Benedict Canyon home. Mountains hold a particular fascination for her. She hopes, after the war, to own a mountain cabin somewhere in the Californian Sierras.

"The cabin must be small enough so John and I can do all our own housework and cooking. It will be rustic, with a large fireplace in the living-room," says Hedy.

Hardly the words of a Glamour Girl. But she and John spent their honeymoon in such a cabin, and did their own housework and cooking.

Hedy has a Victory Garden, in which she works. She learned her gardening the hard way, by experimenting. Her first crop was not exactly a success. She planted her vegetables on a slope; the heavy Californian rains washed out many of the seeds, and those that survived grew horizontally out toward the sun. Her second planting was more scientific.

Hedy's private life is simple. She and John seldom go to night clubs, but when they do Hedy dresses in the accepted Hollywood tradition of glamour that turns every head as she enters a room. Her severely simple clothes, ornamented with a well-chosen jewel, are a perfect frame for her loveliness. The Loder parties at home are small and informal.



George Antheil, brilliant composer, and his wife are close friends of the Loders. While Antheil was working on his Fourth Symphony, soon to be given its first performance by Leopold Stokowski and the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra, he, Hedy and "Stokey" often had round-table sessions, at which, according to Antheil, Hedy made numerous excellent suggestions about the thematic treatment of the Fourth, which he followed. Because of her help, Antheil is dedicating his nearly completed Fifth Symphony to Hedy.

Hedy seldom wears hats; she doesn't like them, but those she has she designed herself. Many of her other preferences don't follow the pattern of glamour. She reads omnivorously, has one of the finest collections of classical records in Hollywood. She is teaching her five-year-old adopted son Jamesie an appreciation of fine music.

Glamour is strictly a part-time thing with Hedy, but whether or not she makes an effort, whether or not she is "dressed up," she is just as beautiful. With or without make-up, Miss Lamarr is a Glamour Girl—even if she doesn't like the title!

Alex Cracks

Sympathetic Friend: "So your wife has lost her teeth! How does she manage to get along without them?"

Mr. Henpeck: "Oh, it's no bother to her. She still has a biting tongue!"



Good Morning

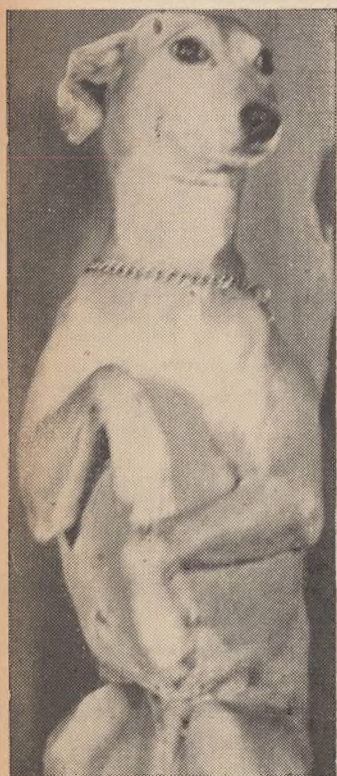


## This England

The fine old 14th-century, half-timbered Lord Leycester's hospital, almshouse for twelve poor brethren at Warwick.

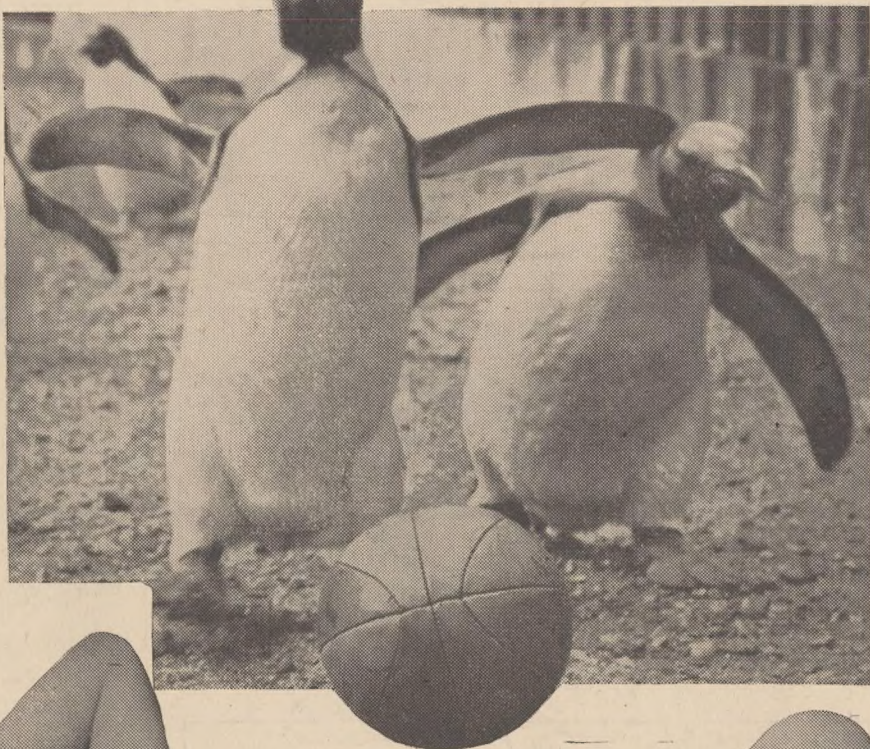


"Almost took my breath away, of course; but what was worse was that my last piece of chocolate just vanished."



Trixie, the performing dog, one of Brian Michie's 1944 discoveries.

"Sorry to give you a left-hander, Perce, but this is my big chance. There's George Allison looking for talent for the Arsenal. What a discovery!"



Neither Michie nor Allison could save me. Oh, for my dad's Mae West.

★ ★ ★

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"NOW will you give up the idea of going to sea?"



## LONG, LONG THOUGHTS

Canadian film and stage star Carla Lehmann. The kind of girl for the song, "Sailor, who are you dreaming of to-night?"